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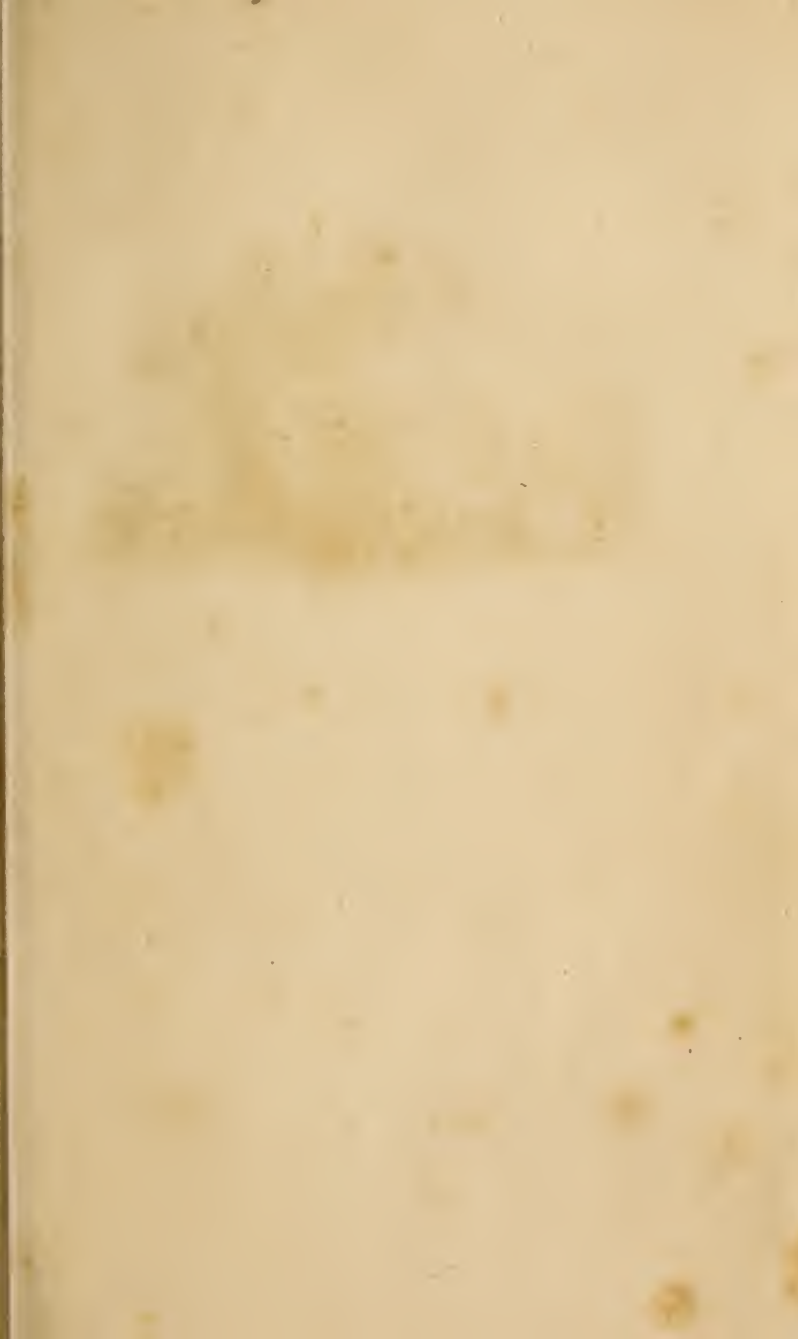
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— "the wanderer wept alone." —

✓
NEW ENGLAND,

AND OTHER

P O E M S .

= ✓
BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

PHILADELPHIA:

**PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. H. CUNNINGHAM,
No. 70, South Third-street.**

1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the 19th day of July, in the forty-fourth year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, William B. Tappan, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

New England, and other Poems. By William B. Tappan.

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also an act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an act entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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PREFACE.

It is not without diffidence the following productions of a youthful Muse are submitted to an impartial public. The author is conscious that individual approbation is not the criterion by which success is to be anticipated. Under the full weight of this impression, he ventures to publish these effusions, with the sincere hope, that if they do not add a sprig to the increasing luxuriance of American literature, they will not diminish the number of those who regard piety and virtue as the only sure avenues to peace and happiness.

PREFACE

It is a common observation, that the more we know of the world, the more we are disposed to be contented with our lot. This is a true observation, and it is one which every man should strive to make. The more we know of the world, the more we are disposed to be contented with our lot. This is a true observation, and it is one which every man should strive to make. The more we know of the world, the more we are disposed to be contented with our lot. This is a true observation, and it is one which every man should strive to make.

NEW ENGLAND.

The muse, aspiring, plumes her youthful wing,
And native scenes, with native note, would sing:
No minstrel lyre assists her humble song,
No tale of art, the simple strains prolong;
To chant of HOME, and rural charms display,
Now claims the theme, and wakes the tuneful lay.

NEW ENGLAND! much-loved sound—in thee
combined
Are blended titles, with this heart entwined;
Country, and home—names dear to every breast,
Alive to manhood, and with soul possess;—
How curst the bosom, cold as Zembla's snow,
In whose recess no patriot feelings glow;
Shame on the wretch—ne'er let his name be
found, [sound!
Whose soul dishonoured, thrills not with the

Say, youthful muse, how glows the generous
heart,

With impulse rich, unknown to languid art,
How throbs the bosom, warmed with virtuous fire,
And kindling zeal, which fain would each inspire,
As history's ken reviews the eventful time,
When hallowed freedom sought its genial clime ;*
When persecution lit her fires afar,
And meek Religion fled the unequal war ;
When Pilgrim-sires, a small, but fearless band,
Unfurled their banner o'er this western land ;
Rapt fancy views them tread the stranger shore,
Devotion joins as each with praise adore.
With laws severe—but with demeanour mild,
They rule, the patriarchs of the savage wild ;
The fruitful glebe subdued by hardy toil,
A new creation blooms on freedom's soil ;
Fair rising towns, their industry confess,
The Indian vanquished, prove a Power to bless.
Each peril crushed, and freed from every snare,
Their ally Heaven—their weapon faith and
prayer.

Time speeds his course, and sister-states appear,
And arts and commerce urge their swift career ;
Rich agriculture waves o'er every plain,
And Ceres views a new and vast domain ;

* Landing of the Fathers.

Fair heaven, approving, smiles on every toil,
 And Freedom hovers o'er her native soil ;
 Here, at her altar beamed the sacred fire,
 Whose lightning-spark a nation did inspire ;
 Here gleamed the brand, whose flaming disk displayed,

A phalanx firm, in freedom's cause arrayed,
 Here on thy plains* the symbol was unfurled,
 A constellation beaming o'er a world,
 Thy fields yet stained with veteran blood, can tell

How rived thy bosom when thy children fell !
 Thy soil encrimsoned with thy richest tide ;
 Thy chieftains brave—thy statesmen, wisdom's pride,

Thy daughters† aiding in their country's right,
 Thy veterans hardy, patient, but in fight,
 All speak thy love, New-England, for the cause
 Of God and Country—home, and sacred laws.
 From tyrant chains, and ruthless bondage freed,
 Secure in Peace, bright valour's richest meed ;

* Battle of Lexington.

† In the revolutionary struggle, the daughters of New England by a voluntary sacrifice, abstaining from the use of foreign luxuries, accelerated the efforts of their husbands and fathers in the cause of Liberty.

With every bliss which heaven does here bestow,
New England blooms, a gem on Freedom's brow!
With gracious boon kind Providence hath blest,
Thy favoured clime, with health, enjoyment's
zest,

Unscorched by burning heat and Southern blast,
The bracing North, confirms thy ruddy cast ;
The glow of temperance marks thy hardy race,
And kindred morals own their honoured place.
Thy sons are generous, shrewd, and faithful too,
Thy daughters modest, fair and ever true ;
Free as thy clime, thy equal laws are free,
And Slavery's scourge a stranger still to thee.
Oh may the slave-ship ne'er pollute thy strand,
No Afric's tear bedew my native land ;
Forbid it heaven, that slavery e'er should toil
With withering curse on freedom's natal soil !

Muse, plume thy pinion, venturous boldly
soar | shore ;

Where thickening towns adorn the sea-girt
See clustering hamlets strew the verdant plains,
And thriving cities, where rich commerce reigns.
But chiefly ken, where near the spreading bay,
'The proud METROPOLIS* extends its sway,

* Boston, the capital of New England.

See scattered round, a fair and "goodly show,"
Far as the view, a paradise below !

The smiling fields, the rural hill and dale,
'Twin mountains* there, and here the humble
vale.

The village churches'† lofty glistening fanes,
The halls of Science‡ on fair Newtown's plains,
The numerous villas,§ by refinement reared,
Abodes of taste, to elegance endeared ;
Fair Prospect-hill, with Bunker's awful steep,
Where 'neath her altar, freedom's votaries sleep.
The towering domes, and lofty spires which rise,
Whose glittering heights reflect the azure skies ;
The kindly roofs, where manners bland reside ;
And courteous ease, a city's boast and pride.
Loved, generous homes, where opulence combined
With ready hearts, display the feeling mind ;

* Dorchester heights.

† The Churches of Roxbury, Dorchester, Brookline, Brighton, Cambridge, and Charlestown, all visible from one point of elevation.

‡ Harvard University—at the date of this institution, 1638, the present Cambridge was designated Newtown.

§ The environs of Boston are adorned with numerous country seats, many of which are chastly elegant.

The lofty pile,* where wisdom oft hath shone,
 And sapient eloquence has reared her throne;
 The walk† whose elms, a grateful shade disclose,
 The common, spread where Charles romantic
 flows,

The masted groves, with whitened canvas spread,
 The lengthened piers, that rest in ocean's bed,
 All meet the view, and crowding on the sight,
 Fill the rapt mind, amaze, and well delight.
 Here all is seen to heighten or refine,
 And wealth with grandeur, skill with taste combine.

Wide hospitality extends her reign,
 And kindly feeling dwells in virtue's train.
 Nor are thy views where nature breathes delight,
 Less fraught with charms and pleasing to the
 sight.

The rural Muse would fain enraptured stray,
 Amid those scenes which saw young childhood's
 day,
 With roving mind the favourite spot would view,
 Where 'mid content her earliest breath she
 drew,

* The new State House.

† The Mall, a beautiful promenade surrounding the common, which is an enclosure of several acres, used on days of festivity, reviews, &c.

Where youthful sports beguiled the heedless
hours, [bowers.

And halcyon pleasure smiled through all her
Fond recollection decks the rural scene,

Nor notes the blank which time has cast between.

Where dark waved Merrimack expands its flood,
Below its source the humble dwelling stood,

The scene was fair, and sweet to fancy's view,

Fanned by the mountain and sequestered too,

The moss-grown rock, majestic reared its head,

And frowning darkly, deepening grandeur shed ;

'The crystal stream with winding course betrayed,

Its silent current stealing 'mid the glade ;

The beechen tree, the favourite spot well known,

Where village sport, and mirth had reared their
throne,

Where oft at times and scenes when all was gay,

Blithe pleasure reigned in rustic holiday ;

And oft when twilight's gleam had sunk afar,

And in the west appeared the evening star,

With minds serene, and pleasure's toil forgot,

Each young companion sought the favourite spot,

The legend wild with breathless awe to share,

The jocund song, or weep the tale of care.

With rich content and humble quiet blest,
 No brooding envy marred the hamlet's rest,
 No sound disturbed, save when the echoing
 stroke

Amid the wild, the sturdy woodman spoke,
 Or when afar the distant rural bell,
 Marked holy time, or sighed the passing knell,
 From village church whose tall and reverend
 fane

Rose o'er the vale and gleamed across the plain,*
 Hallowed the spot! e'en now with awe I feel,
 The holy dread which o'er each thought would
 steal

At Sabbath morn when mingling with the throng,
 To join in heart and raise the sacred song;
 The vocal swell, which thrilled the chant of
 love,

The suppliant form, the prayer which rose above
 The warning voice when Sinai breathed alarm,
 The strains of peace that whispered Calvary's
 balm,

All touched the heart, and drew the listening ear,
 The sigh was heard, and oft was seen the tear,

* The churches in New-England are generally distinguished by lofty spires, which have a pleasing appearance.

With awe the flock retired from church to pray,
And meditation well employed the day.

For me, the lonely walk possessed a charm,
And pleasing solitude could care disarm ;
And oft I lingered near the hallowed ground,
My favourite spot, where rapt in thought profound,

I wandered sad beneath the elm-tree shade,
Where grass-grown hillocks told that life must
fade. [train,

And oft I watched the mournful lengthening
In funeral state, pass slow across the plain,
For death's stern arrow found this calm abode,
'The man—the friend, the viewless valley trode.
Around the grave the thoughtful rustics bend,
And oft the prayer and holy hope ascend ;
'The shepherd-pastor sorrowing tears t' assuage,
Speaks consolation from the sacred page ;
Tells of the hopes which from that fountain
spring ;

How Jesus rose, and foiled the tyrant's sting ;
How brief is time—how long the bright reward,
And blest are all that slumber in the Lord ;
'The mourner weeps—but weeps in humble trust,
And well resigned, commits the dust to dust.

* * * *

At twilight hour, the household now repair,
 Together join, and meek instruction share;
 The catechist the youthful minds employ,
 All taught of Him, who formed, and can destroy.
 The aged listen, while the youth explore,
 With reverence due—the page of sacred lore :
 In strains of Zion each devoutly blends,
 And now, with fervent prayer, the Sabbath ends.
 How blest the scene, where piety and truth
 Unite their aid to form the rising youth ;
 How blest thy course, New England, well in-
 clined

With precepts true to store the tender mind !

With native zeal, the willing muse would tell
 Of primal customs which it loved so well ;
 The hallowed day of sacred fast severe,
 To plead for blessings on the opening year,
 The well known time of mirth and festive joy,
 When care was lost, and hushed each rude em-
 ploy,

When beaming bliss, and in their best array,
 The distant youth the annual visit pay ;
 With faithful ken fond memory would retrace
 Those early joys which time can ne'er efface :
 The festal day, from long descent revered,
 A yearly Jubilee, to all endeared ;

With mingled joy, and 'rayed with seemly care,
 All worship humbly in the house of prayer ;
 At home, assembled round the groaning board,
 With nature's gifts, and housewife's labours
 stored,

Arranged with skill, from age to eager youth,
 They reverend stand, and crave with earnest
 truth,

A kindly blessing from the Fount of Love,
 Whose care paternal, does the act approve :
 And now, with keen, but temperate haste, they
 share

The full repast—the yeoman's bounteous fare,
 With prudent use, the cheerful glass goes round,
 The mutual wish with mutual hopes are crowned,
 With church and country—home and absent
 friends,

And thanks for all which heaven, in mercy sends.

The evening hour invites to halcyon joy,
 And varied sports which charm, but never cloy.
 The lively dance, with ancient mystic game,
 Where choice betrays the modest lover's flame ;
 The ready jest, the mirth-inspiring song,
 With tales of old, the joyous scenes prolong,
 While youthful love, with Hymen oft delight
 To join the bridal with the festive night.

Such are thy joys, New England—such thy
 scenes,
 Simple and rich, where care ne'er intervenes ;
 Such thy republic, pure, unsoiled by art,
 The boast and pride of every patriot heart.
 Oh, still may hateful luxury, and strife,
 Those brooding ills with fearful omens rife,
 Be ever distant from thy happy soil,
 And thou be blest in rich contentment's spoil.
 May education still with morals blend,
 And science find in thee a constant friend.
 Thy numerous schools thy best affection claim,
 And Alma-Mater still increase thy fame ;
 Still may thy yeomen, freedom's fearless guard,
 In teeming harvests reap a due reward ;
 Thy arts be blest, inventive genius find
 In prospering wealth the spring of genius kind.
 Thy merchants favoured, may each genial gale
 Safe to its port convey the spreading sail.
 By heaven protected, may thy peace endure,
 Thy fame continue, as thy bounty sure ;
 And while the banner of our cause unfurled,
 Shall wave afar, the honoured of the world,
 While freedom sways on fair Columbia's shore,
 Mayst thou be blest till time itself's no more.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Hail to the valley, and mist-mantled mountain
Those scenes of my childhood to memory dear ;
Hail to the cot, by the favourite fountain,
Where simplicity dwells, with affection sincere !

Oh, long have I wandered a stranger to pleasure,
And far from the valley, and mountain did roam ;
But ne'er have I found sweet contentment's rich
treasure,
It dwells unconcealed in my own native home.

How oft, when soft slumber, my eye-lids enclosing,
With joy to the streamlet and dell would I fly ;
And fancy, on scenes of affection reposing,
Dwelt there with fond transport—but woke with
a sigh !

Oh, dear to the soul is the secret emotion,
 Which the loved recollection of joys ever move :
 And sweet is the tear, which the heart's fond devo-
 tion,
 Bestows to the memory of infancy's love.

There fain would I wander, a stranger to sorrow,
 Where the woodbine entwines, and the wild-
 roses bloom ;
 Confiding with heaven the cares of the morrow,
 'Till the faint blush of twilight shall beam on my
 tomb !

Hail to the valley, and mist-mantled mountain,
 Those scenes of my childhood, to memory dear :
 Hail to the cot, by the favourite fountain,
 Where simplicity dwells with affection sincere !



SPANISH PATRIOTS.

Patriots—rise ! Ye warriors brave,
 Now assert proud Freedom's cause ;
 Dare be free !—and dare to save—
 Country—home—and sacred laws.

Chieftains arm ! for fight prepare,
 See—advance the dastard foe !

Freemen rise, the battle share,
Soon the tyrant shall be low.

Hark ! the clarion's warlike strain,
Bids the Hero rush to arms ;
Freedom calls—'tis not in vain,
Victory now the foe disarms.

'Tis the cause of right and heaven,
Who shall dare oppose its will ;
Freedom's empire, here is given,
Freedom then shall flourish still.

Onward then, ye warriors lead,
On to victory and the foe ;
For your country dare to bleed—
Soon the tyrant shall be low !



CYNTHIA.

Sweet orb of night, I saw thee rise
In cloudless lustre o'er the plain,
I saw thee climb the azure skies,
With radiant splendours in thy train.
I marked thy mildly pensive beam
At midnight's still and hallowed hour,
I watched the fitful, lonely gleam
That played on yonder ivy'd tower.

Sweet orb of night, full oft I love,
 When every care and toil is o'er,
 To wander 'mid the silent grove,
 And there the SOURCE of LIGHT adore.
 Oh then, how false all else appears,
 While wrapt in awe thy course I view,
 And see thee mount the starry spheres,
 And tread the fields of heavenly blue.

Sweet orb of night, when I no more
 Shall trace thy lovely, mournful ray,
 When freed from earth, my soul shall soar
 To realms of blest ethereal day,
 Should one loved friend bestow a tear
 When all is wrapt in solemn gloom,
 Oh guide the maiden to my bier,
 And shed thy radiance o'er the tomb!



ODE FOR 22D OF FEBRUARY.

The Genius of freedom to earth had descended,
 The steeds were Apollo's, his wreath decked the
 car ;
 With the laurelled tiara the cypress was blended,
 No temple was reared, nor votary there—
 She smiled ! then burst the glorious dawn ,
 She spake ! and Washington was born ;

The avenger of freedom, the pride of the world !
 Shouts of triumph rend the skies,
 Peans of joy to heaven arise,
 For oppression and slavery to darkness are
 hurled.

Hail to the dawn of Columbia's glory,
 That ushered to being her favourite son ;
 Infants and youth, with veterans hoary,
 Exult in the freedom his valour has won !
 The star of glory left its sphere,
 And shone with radiant lustre here ;
 On the fields where they fought, on the heights
 where they bled—
 On land and on ocean,
 In war's dire commotion,
 The bright star of freedom to victory led.
 Shade of the Hero ! with radiance surrounded,
 From regions of glory thy spirit looks down,
 And joyful beholds the oppressor confounded,
 Columbia triumphant ! the first in renown !
 Her canvass whitens distant seas,
 Her banners float on every breeze ; [wave !
 "The star spangled banner" that proudly shall
 'This standard unfurled,
 Displays to the world
 The ensign of freedom, or shroud of the brave.

The trident of Neptune, to valour removed,
 The halo of glory encircles each tar ;
 A phalanx undaunted, that ever hath proved
 The bulwark of freedom, the sinew of war !

With bold majestic strides
 Her gallant navy rides ;
 With laurels unfading—'tis victory's spoil !
 The clarion no more
 Awakes on her shore ;
 The olive of PEACE still blooms on the soil !

Hail to the dawn of Columbia's glory,
 That ushered to being her favourite son ;
 Infants and youth, with veterans hoary,
 Exult in the freedom his valour has won !
 Sons of Columbia, raise the song ;
 Let heaven with earth the strains prolong,
 While the laurels that flourish on Liberty's shore,
 To ages proclaim
 Our WASHINGTON's fame,
 This day shall be hallowed till time is no more !



DECAY OF SPRING.

Fair, blooming Spring appears with smile serene ;
 All nature beams with innocence and love :

No more stern winter glooms the opening sky,
 The frigid north receives its hoary sire.
 Now man walks forth to taste the fragrant
 breeze,

At early morn, ere Phœbus' burning ray
 Sips the chaste dew that gems the blushing
 flower.

Oh, how his soul expands with thrilling joy!
 With eager bound, he blithesome treads the
 lawn,

While grateful praise his ardent bosom warms.
 Sweet are the joys of Flora's happy reign,
 When rural pleasure smiles—but soon the hour
 Will come, nor shall delay, when that fair spring
 Whose virgin charms the raptured harp hath told
 Shall quick recede—yea flee as fast away
 As the bright meteor of a louring sky—
 Or as fond dreams when youthful fancy leads,
 Whispering sweet peace, while memory wakes
 to tears!

All, all shall flee—these flowers shall fade away.
 Urged on by time these halcyon moments fly,
 In the dark region of eternal night
 Shall they be lost, while man alone survives!
 Oh then how wise, how blest supremely he
 Who views, beyond the narrow bounds of time

The happy realms of pure ethereal joy !
 When earth shall flee, and skies dissolve away,
 This soul shall anchor on the heavenly shore :
 No raging storm—no blighting winter there ;
 For calm is heaven ; and love Divine shall prove
 The smiling dawn of an eternal Spring !



MELODY.

I love the blush of early morn,
 That beams with rosy hue ;
 When sparkling o'er the verdant lawn,
 It gems the crystal dew.

'Tis then I muse on Delia's smile,
 Which dimpling bright and fair,
 Dark sorrow's ills can e'en beguile,
 And charm each latent care.

I love the mildly pensive ray,
 That lonely twilight cheers ;
 When gleaming 'mid the close of day,
 It shines through evening's tears.

'Tis then fond memory, whispering says,
 While throbs my bosom move,
 That such is Delia's tender gaze,
 And such her glance of love.

TO PEACE.

Daughter of Heaven ! fair offspring of the skies,
 To thee, loved PEACE, shall sweetest incense rise,
 The song of angels ! theme of men below,
 'Tis thine to sooth, and heal a nation's wo,
 Robed with resplendence, bright celestial day,
 How evanescent is thy meteor ray !
 As the wild lightning's quick receding glare,
 The flash illumines—and leaves the darkening air,
 'Tis here—'tis gone!—the boon is swift recalled,
 And war's dire besom sweeps a groaning world.
 Hark ! from the dungeon of the dreary cells—
 Where haggard want, and frowning horror
 dwells,
 The accursed walls by tyrant hands upreared,
 The flinty stones with guiltless blood besmeared,
 A groan bursts forth—at which the rocks would
 weep—
 A sigh is breathed from misery's bosom deep.*
 Say, shall we hear unmoved that harrowing
 groan,
 With frigid coldness—mark each rising moan ?
 Forbid it heaven ! that e'er the captive's sigh,
 Should ask for aid—and no redemption nigh.

* Meade.

Who will not rise—a free born son to save,
 From Spanish chains! from slavery's living
 grave!

Where is the heart of adamantine formed,
 Whose icy core to pity ne'er was warmed,
 That heart will soften at the victim's pain,
 That soul will rouse against relentless Spain.
 All, all will rise—for vengeance is not far,
 And gentle peace shall yield to righteous war.
 From short repose, the avengingsword will leap,
 And prove to Ferdinand justice does not sleep;
 Its flaming point will hostile shores illumine,
 And light the tyrant to his final doom.
 Nor will the goddess bless Hesperia's lands,
 'Till Spanish legions own our conquering bands,
 Then shall the olive bloom on freedom's shore;
 Swords plow the earth and war be heard no
 more—

Accursed contention with its horrors cease,
 For rightful war, ensures a lasting Peace!



GRAVE OF PUTNAM.

* * * * *

The awful height of Bunker's brow,
 To wondering ages still shall tell;

What valour stemmed the rushing foe,
 When cannons pealed a WARREN's knell!

There is a spot—'tis hallowed ground !
 Where lowly rests the warrior's head ;
 The tall grass mournful waves around ;
 It waves o'er Putnam's honoured bed !

And oft the traveller shall repair,
 To valour pay the meed of wo ;
 And by the sainted spirit swear,
 To guard his fame from every foe.

And though with envy, scoffers burn,
 'Twill flourish in immortal bloom ;
 The laurel deck the hero's urn,
 The night-shade mark his slanderer's tomb.



STANZAS.

I love the breast that kindly feels,
 The griefs which mortals know ;
 I love the lip whose accent heals
 The wounds of tearful wo.

The eye that beams with pity's gem,
 Is bright to every view ;
 Its lustre shades the diadem,
 Or ruby's sparkling hue.

The form that flies to misery's aid,
 To dry the orphan's tear;
 Is grace combined with ease, displayed,
 Unrivalled by compeer.

Sweet is Apollo's silver strain,
 And Sappho's melting air;
 Sweeter the notes that soften pain,
 And banish dark despair!

Woman! while these unite in thee,
 We own thy magic still;
 And every heart though proudly free,
 Is vanquished at thy will!



THE VISION.—A FRAGMENT.

* * * * I saw the scroll—
 Its fearful length unfolding far beyond
 The ken of Angel!

* * * * ETERNITY was there!

* * * * *

* * * * The trumpets sounded,
 The golden harps attuned triumphant lays,
 To HIM who was—who is—and is to come!
 Creation's KING! When lo, the Seraph
 Whom first I saw, advancing, gave the sign,

And heaven's vast courts were still! with rapid
strides

Approached the Monarch, hoar unwearied TIME!

To him, the chief, he trembling, yielded up

His dread account :—The Cherub raised the sig-
net,

JEHOVAH'S MANUEL ! And on the parchment was
imprest

ANOTHER YEAR !——Again the trumpets sound-
ed—

The tuneful harps again lent melody,

And swelled on high, the blest—the sacred song!



ON VISITING THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

Hail former scenes of childhood's early day,

When peaceful joys beguiled my infant hours,

These youthful scenes demand a tuneful lay,

Assist, Oh Muse, with all thy artless powers.

Hail dear abode, I love the well known place,

Where hours of bliss on downy pinions flew,

Here rolling years, with pensive thought I trace,

For here was peace—here happiness I knew.

Beneath that elm which spreads its rural shade,

In native grandeur o'er the smiling plain ;

My early vows to tender love I paid,
 Nor knew of care, nor thought of future pain.
 See yonder stream whose gentle current flows,
 Calm and secure from every threatening storm,
 Pure as that stream are joys which youth bestows,
 No grief disturbs, and each fond hope is warm.
 Ye scenes of sweet and hallowed early peace,
 Your halcyon hours I view with pleasing pain;
 They quickly flew, and saw my joys increase;
 For then contentment owned its happy reign.
 Fled are those hours—those hours to me so dear,
 And nought is left but memory and a tear!



IMPROMPTU

On reading an account of the **REJECTION** of the bill,
 recently introduced into the House of Delegates of
 Maryland, to alter the Constitution, so as to place
 the Jews on an equal footing with the Christians, as
 it regards political rights.

What, still reject the fated race,
 Thus long denied repose—
 What—madly striving to efface,
 The **RIGHTS** that heaven bestows!

Say, flows not in each Jewish vein,
 Unchecked—without control;

A tide as pure—as free from stain—
As warms the Christian's soul !

Do ye not yet the times discern,
That these shall cease to roam—
That SHILOH, pledged for their return,
Will bring his ransomed home !

Be error quick to darkness hurled !
No more with hate pursue—
For HE, who died to save a world,
IMMANUEL—WAS A JEW !



TO THE DOVE.

Sweet warbler of the painted vest,
In nature's fair luxuriance drest ;
The fondest of the plumaged throng,
The lonely bird of plaintive song.

The Condor vast, the Wren minute,
The Pheasant gay, the Falcon brute,
Though bold and pleasing to the eye,
Can ne'er with thee, my favourite vie.

Thou claimest my sympathy and love,
For still in some sequestered grove ;
Thou dost indulge thy artless moan,
And lovest to sing and sigh alone.

Thy tender strain of hapless wo,
 Oft bids the tear of sorrow flow ;
 Thy note exceeds the touch of art,
 Thy melody attracts the heart.

Yet blithe and cheerful is thy mien,
 And halcyon mirth with thee is seen :
 Thou roamest at large, disporting free,
 Fidelity a trait of thee.



FAIR IS THE SCENE.

Fair is the scene when the mists of the morning,
 Chased o'er the mountains, fly quickly away ;
 Rich is the view when the faint blush of dawning,
 Brightening, discloses the empire of day.

Splendid the pomp when the bright beam advancing,
 'Lumines with glory its march through the sky ;
 Gilding the landscape its beauties enhancing,
 As it flings o'er creation its deep azure dye.

Chaste is the ray when the night star is gleaming,
 Lovely and lone in its orbit of blue ;
 Mild is the halo when Cynthia beaming,
 Mellows the shade with her silvery hue.

Sweet are these charms, and this bosom will ever
 Own, with devotion, their magic to please ;
 But ne'er while there's truth be forgetful, *oh never*,
 That the smile of affection is sweeter than these!



ST. CLAIR.

'Tis done ; no more shall valour crave,
 The pittance due to veteran fame ;
 'Tis done, the lowly, peaceful grave,
 Hath sealed the hoary warrior's claim.

The solemn pomp, the decent sigh
 Bespeak the mournful pageant's gloom ;
 St. Clair's great soul with scornful eye
 Surveys the mockery of the tomb !

Yet, sainted shade ! in future day,
 Shall tears of pure affection flow ;
 And nobler hearts that tribute pay,
 Which envy never could bestow.

But now, let fame no trumpet swell,
 Nor muse the laurel wreath entwine ;
 For these, St. Clair, will ever tell,
 That nought but misery here, was thine !

STANZAS TO AN INTERESTING YOUNG LADY, DEAF
AND DUMB.

Weep not, maiden, thou canst never,
All thy ardent love express ;
Weep not—fate from thee dost sever,
All that would affection bless.

Wouldst thou strive to lighten sorrow ?
'Tis the sigh thy breast will free—
Wouldst thou soothing accents borrow ?
All our tears we give to thee.

Though like some sweet budding flower,
Which the blush of morn displayed,
Pressed by evening's rudest shower,
Each loved beauty seems to fade ;

Yet the orb of glory risen—
Bids the floweret droop no more :
Thus the cheering dawn of heaven
All thy graces shall restore.



VETERAN TRIBUTE.

Several officers of the revolution being lately at the seat of government, resolved to visit Mount Vernon, and pay their sad tribute at the tomb of their lamented copatriot and commander : affording an interesting

subject of reflection to all who revere the memory of WASHINGTON.

Where deep Potomac rolls its silver stream,
And glides majestic with its watery gleam,
Remote from scenes where commerce loves to
dwell,

And far from din, by yonder peaceful dell,
Vernon, majestic, rears its lofty brow,
In solemn grandeur, o'er the plain below.

Hail sacred spot ! to freedom ever dear,
Ye votaries come, and drop the tender tear,
Here sleep the relics, which have once enshrined
The immortal lustre of a heavenly mind !

No longer, Vernon, smile thy roseate bowers,
Lost is the fragrance of thy blooming flowers ;
Mute are the warblers of thy silent groves,
And hushed the carols of their early loves ;
A solemn awe reigns through the hallowed ground,
And all is rapt in solitude profound,

The guardian, saviour, of his country sleeps,
And freedom's genius here her vigil keeps.

* * * *

Lo ! at his shrine Columbia's heroes stand,
Deep, sacred grief pervades the veteran band,
No language there, dispels the mournful gloom,
No accents break the silence of the tomb ;

Each labouring breast with strong emotions heave,
 Each heart surcharged, the deep-drawn sigh
 doth breathe ;

These speak his worth, these heartfelt tributes
 show

A grief too deep for kindly tears to flow.

Ye hoary warriors, calm your sacred grief,
 No more lament your loved departed chief ;
 Soon shall ye join him in the realms above,
 To part no more, but dwell in endless love ;
 The bright reward to virtue there is given,
 And joy eternal, in the fields of heaven !



WINTER.

Arrayed in gloom, stern winter reigns,
 With aspect chill and drear ;
 The streams are locked in icy chains,
 The tempest howls severe.

No more is heard the songster's lay,
 That echoed through the grove ;
 The robin shuns the leafless spray,
 And chants no more of love.

Yon orb emits a feeble gleam,
 That lingers, cold, and lone ;

Its evanescent, fitful beam,
Proclaims that joy has flown !

Emblem of life, all nature wears,
A robe of cheerless hue ;
The storms assail, like gloomy cares,
As sad—as frequent too !

But soon these clouds shall disappear,
The fields with verdure smile ;
The bubbling brook meander clear,
The robin's note beguile.

The vernal showers shall dew the earth,
And genial suns illumine ;
The beauteous flowerets spring to birth,
And golden harvests bloom.

Thus, like the rays of Winter's morn,
That cheerless prospects bring ;
These gloomy cares precede the dawn,
Of an eternal spring !



CHILESE WARRIOR'S SONG.

Hark—comrades, hark ! the trumpet's swell,
Proclaims the note of war ;
The death-drum roll, and bugle, tell,
The din of battle far.

To free a bleeding natal land
 From Leon's galling chain,
 The warrior grasps the glittering brand,
 And steeps the crimsoned plain!
 While Plata rolls and Andes rise,
 Each Chilese heart shall freedom prize.

Awake! too long has bondage hurled,
 Its curse on freedom's soil,
 Awake—too long a suffering world
 Has groaned with slavery's spoil;
 The deepened shades of slumbering night
 Enscrolled, are rolling far,
 The dawn that bodes meridian light,
 Has dimmed the risen star!
 While Plata rolls and Andes rise,
 Each Chilese heart shall freedom prize.

Awake—awake! to glorious fight,
 'Tis home and country calls,
 The watch-word sounds, "OUR GOD AND RIGHT,"
 The vanquished foeman falls!
 'Tis heaven approves, the soldier's guard,
 In gory battle-fray;
 'Tis virtue wreaths a bright reward,
 To crown the victor day!
 While Plata rolls and Andes rise,
 Each Chilese heart shall freedom prize.

NEW-YEAR'S BUDGET.

Written for the Carriers of the Philadelphia Franklin
Gazette.

When day had reached its shadowy close,
When wearied nature sought repose,
And all was hushed to rest ;
By fancy borne to distant plains,
Where cheerless gloom, with horror reigns,
And winter rears its crest.

Awhile I gazed with pensive mind,
And thought of pleasures far behind,
With mingled hopes and fears ;
When lo, a reverend form passed by,
Whose hoary mien, and haggard eye,
Proclaimed the weight of years.

What seemed one hand did firmly clasp,
A SCYTHE, while in the other's grasp,
An HOUR GLASS might be seen !
Behind were spread such eagle wings,
As he, who of famed IRIS sings,
Or JOVE ne'er saw I ween ;
Firm to the meagre ribs was bound,
A wonderous BUDGET, large and round,
Inscribed with YEAR EIGHTEEN !

A ponderous LOCK secured the prize,
 To guard it from unhallowed eyes,
 That fain would search therein ;
 The KEY encrusted o'er with gems,
 Which winter forms in diadems,
 When frost bestuds the lin.

Intent, I gazed, then quickly sped,
 To join the phantom which had fled,
 As though it might not stay ;
 “ And whence such haste, old honest friend ? ”
 It heeded not, nor look did lend,
 But onward urged its way.

Resolved at least its aim to know,
 And whether friend, or lurking foe,
 I seized the pack with hostile show,
 And straight did him disarm :
 The mighty Budget quickly fell,
 As though unloosed by magic spell,
 Or some mysterious charm.

With eager haste I quickly op'd,
 And soon amid the contents grop'd,
 In anxious thought profound ;
 A thing “ made up of shreds ” was seen,
 While News lay scattering between,
 And scraps bestrewed the ground !

And now, if each has patience here,
 T' enjoy a short and varied cheer,
 The NEWS and shreds shall e'en appear,
 With "arms and deeds" renowned!

THE BUDGET.

First then would you know how the Indians
 have fought,
 How JACKSON, the HERO, such prowess has
 wrought!
 To avenge the deep wrongs done to LIBERTY'S
 name;
 Their chiefs sleep in death, and their huts are
 on flame!
 How for want of some cash the foot robbers did
 try,
 To glean a small sum from the mail, snug and
 sly;
 How they built up a fence with labour and skill,
 Like a wall round the jail, or the dam at a mill;
 But like the "north pole" the "expedition" has
 failed,
 And each for his trouble, was done up and
 mailed!
 How rigged "stem to stern" the FRANKLIN set
 sail,

And ploughed the tall wave, for the "fast anchored isle,"

How Lords, Dukes, and Barons, applauding did view,

COLUMBIA'S PROUD WALLS ! to them wonderful new !

How BONEY at present is not very cheery,
Because Sir H. Lowe has sent off his O'Meary ;
How the old King of England, is tolerably bright,
And " Her Majesty passed a very good night !"
How the PATRIOTS, confiding in RIGHT and their laws,

With valour engage in LIBERTY'S cause !

How at Aix-la-Chapelle the Sovereigns have met,

And Metternich put Catalina in pet !

How in Brookfield, the champions renowned, in a trice,

In a fit of revenge killed a few thousand mice ;
But stranger to tell, a clear running stream,

'To cure the consumption, was found by a dream !

How the troops of the Allies have packed out of France,

And kindly left room for the Monsieurs to dance !

How the Dandies improve in Corsets so neat,
As with coats of ten capes they grace Chesnut-
street !

While the Belles who but lately, close bonnets
did wear,

Now, through wide open gypsies, smile sweetly
and fair,

But the beauty of these must needs be confest,
By all who with bright eyes would often be blest !
How—but the old leathern BUDGET here played
me a prank,

For it told of my note which is due at the BANK !!

* * * * *

Kind FRIENDS and PATRONS, now, before we part,
Accept the thanks which warm your CARRIER'S
heart.

May every good, that heaven can here bestow,
To bless mankind, be ever your's below !

May concord, joined with lasting peace divine,
Illume each breast, fair VIRTUE'S hallowed
shrine ;

May numerous YEARS of PLENTY, still be your's,
Each marked with bliss which love alone en-
sures !

And when at last, these fleeting scenes are o'er,
When each pursuit, with TIME shall be no more,

May joy, in streams, to each and all be given,
Pure as the fount in yonder fields of heaven !



THE NORTH STAR.

Mild star that markest thy lonely way,
In yon expanse of cloudless blue ;
Whose gem-like form and steady ray,
Attract the heedless peasant's view, [stray.
And him whose thoughts to unknown regions
Full oft the wanderer, fortune's child,
Benighted, sad, and doomed to roam,
Beholds with joy thy aspect mild,
That tells of happiness and home,
And guides him onward 'mid the trackless wild.
Oft, too, the sea-boy marks thy beam,
When ocean sleeps in peaceful calm ;
While o'er its breast thy gentle gleam,
Plays wanton, and with sacred charm,
Lulls the rapt soul in fancy's pleasing dream.
And oft, sweet star, at even-tide,
When all around is hushed to rest ;
My thoughts ascend and pensive glide,
To distant climes and regions blest, [hide.
Where wo-worn care and grief would gladly

And fancy whispers in mine ear,
 That those which once were here beloved ;
 To friendship and affection dear,
 Now from this fleeting scene removed,
 Repose, bright star, in thy ethereal sphere !



CAPTIVE JEWESS.

A Jewish lady of exquisite beauty, had with her husband been taken captive by the Saracen commander of a fleet cruising on the coast of Palestine. The brutal captain being about to commit violence on her person, she called to her husband who was within hearing, but in chains, and asked him in Hebrew, whether they who were drowned in the sea, should revive at the resurrection of the dead ? He replied in the words of Psalm lxvii. 22. ‘ The Lord said, I will bring again from Basan, I will bring from the depths of the sea.’ Upon which she immediately threw herself into the sea and was drowned.

Though ne’er for thee, on Shinah’s plain,
 Is reared the sculptured Urn ;
 Though Judah’s harp ne’er swells the strain,
 Nor Salem’s daughters mourn—

Though ne’er shall minstrel strains of wo,
 Thy fame and virtues tell ;
 Though ne’er the dirge in numbers slow,
 Shall hymn thy parting knell—

Yet softly rests thy weary head,
 Where ocean's flowerets bloom ;
 Beneath the deep, thy coral bed,
 Is virtue's hallowed tomb !

And oft when eve's pale star alone,
 In sadness dims the wave ;
 The lonely surge will gently moan,
 Its requiem o'er thy grave.

Then rest in peace—and when no more
 The raging billows sleep ;
 The LORD JEHOVAH shall restore,
 And bring thee from the deep !



SOLITUDE.

I love at evening's silent tide,
 When busy care has flown ;
 In some sequestered dell to hide,
 And pensive, muse alone.

'Tis then in solitude refined,
 Reflection feels its zest ;
 'Tis then the contemplative mind,
 With reason's charms is blest.

'Tis then the expanding soul ascends,
 And roves through fields above ;
 'Tis then its heavenly essence blends,
 With UNCREATED LOVE !

Oh solitude, thy soothing charm,
 Canst conquer fell despair ;
 Canst sad affliction's sting disarm,
 And banish every care !

While folly's votary shuns thy shrine,
 And grandeur fears thy power ;
 Still be thy rich enjoyments mine,
 To bless the lonely hour !



IS IT NOT A LITTLE ONE. Gen. xix. 20.

Of all the varied ills of life,
 By which misguided mortals run,
 There's none with sorer evils rife,
 Than " Is it not a little one ?"

When strong allurements leads astray,
 How fair the web by flattery spun !
 The ready opiate smooths the way,
 Sure " Is it not a little one ?"

Curst avarice, to itself unkind,
 Would e'en life's needed blessings shun,

And hoarding pelf, deceives the mind,
 With "Is it not a little one?"

The youth, debauched in folly's maze, '
 Health, fame, and fortune, all undone,
 Too late the whispering cheat betrays,
 Of "Is it not a little one?"

Intemperance, murdering life, and soul,
 Would fain reflection's moment shun;
 And says—replenishing the bowl—
 Sure "Is it not a little one?"

Beguiled by love's seductive strain,
 The hapless maiden is undone;
 While listening to the falsehood vain,
 Of "Is it not a little one?"

Beware fond youth, its fell control,
 This fatal source of ruin shun;
 Reflect in time—nor cheat the soul,
 With "Is it not a little one?"



THE DUELLIST.

There is a curse—'tis dark and fell,
 As fallen spirits know;

It rings affliction's deepest knell—

It stamps despairing wo !

'Tis thou, false honour, baleful fiend,

That lures with secret guile :

'Tis thou, by tyrant custom screened,

That murders with a smile !

'Tis thou that spurns the hallowed ties,

That mutual souls entwine ;

By friendship's hand, the victim dies,

An offering at thy shrine !

The woes that rend the widowed breast,

And rive with keen despair—

The sigh that speaks the heart opprest,

The hapless orphan's tear.—

These are thy triumphs, HONOUR !—these

The trophies of thy fame ;

And such the envied laurel wreaths,

That cluster round thy name !



OH, OFT HAVE I WEPT.

Oh, oft have I wept when the wild wakened strain,

In sadness has murmured of wo ;

As its thrill, gently healing my own bosom pain,

Bade the tribute of sympathy flow—

E

Oh oft would the gleamings of rapture succeed,
 As the cadence of pleasure has stole ;
 When hope fondly smiled, and the wounds that
 would bleed,
 Acknowledged its balmy control !

But ne'er is the thrill which awakens the tear,
 Nor the cadence that vibrates delight,
 Though melting in rapture, to me half so dear,
 As thy notes, lonely bird of the night !

While saddened I list to the deep plaintive song,
 Memory wakens, disdaining control ;
 The dim flood of ages roll darkly along,
 They pass with their deeds on the soul !

Then those whom I loved, by affection endeared,
 That repose where the tall elders moan,
 In the still passing whispers of evening are heard,
 As they sigh o'er the days that are flown—

I gaze with emotion : I gaze—but they've fled,
 Sad and slowly their forms disappear ;
 Nought remains but the ray on the cold heathy bed
 And the trace of the last lonely tear.

TO THE COMET, WHICH APPEARED JULY, 1819.

Mystic stranger ! blaze of light !

Messenger of good or ill ;

Portent to the wondering sight,

What behest dost thou fulfil ?

Dost thou tell of blight afar,

Or shall health's kind blessings cease,

Dost thou omen direful war,

Or confirm the notes of peace ?

Art thou missioned from above,

Oh, celestial herald say,

Dost thou bring the dawn of love,

Wakening the millennial day !

Could we thus with rapture meet thee,

Emanation of the skies,

How would songs of triumph greet thee,

How would mingling praises rise !

But though Wisdom has denied,

Finite skill thy course to tell ;

Though thy errand's undescribed,

Yet we know that all is well !

HE who speaks in dreadful thunder,

'Throned in power above the sky :

He, before whose viewless splendour,
All thy radiant glories die—

He who holds the bolt of heaven,
Systems, which their course fulfil,
He whose glance through time hath riven,
God—will ever guard us still !

Mystic orb ! then urge thy flight,
Soon thy meteor-reign is o'er,
While thou burnest, the gem of night,
We, admiring, God adore.



RUINS OF TICONDEROGA.

Where dark Champlain in sullen grandeur rolls,
Its swelling billow, checked by iron shores,
Nature's firm barrier, 'neath the towering cliff,
That rears in solitude its craggy form,
The scattered ruins tell the scite of war :
Lone, dreary spot—dark silence here
In solemn grandeur reigns. In vain the eye
Ranges the prospect to relieve its pain.
Black sterile rocks oppose the bounded vision,
With the deep ravine where sad brooding fancy
Has ample scope—nought specks the cheerless
scene

Save here and there the moss-grown fragment,
 Or time-crazed tenement. No echoing sound
 Disturbs the scene or breaks the still repose,
 Save the hoarse scream of midnight's lonely bird
 Or the dull moaning of the surge below.

Yet here was war, and once stern valour knew
 These dreary solitudes her choice abode,
 These still retreats once glowed with busy life,
 And preparation. Yon lofty mount,*
 Now lorn and desolate, once displayed its crest
 Breathing dark vengeance to the invading foe.
 Here veteran legions, warmed with valour's
 flame

For thee my country, and the rights of manhood
 Embattled, formed the sure and mighty rampart,
 That wall of adamant, a virtuous soldiery.
 Here waved the chieftain's plume, and here thy
 lion heart,

Eccentric ALLEN, valourous and good,
 Beat high for fame, and glorious Liberty.
 Here swelled thy bosom with the generous
 flame

And eager hope, as thought with rapid stride,
 Disdaining fear, and hosts of boding ill,
 Pierced the thick gloom, and saw Columbia free,

* Mount Independence.

Now, how forgotten and how lone is all—
 In honour's bed the war worn chieftains rest,
 Forgot the din of conflict : e'en victory's clarion
 Is now unheard.—They sleep, and we their off-
 spring

Blest with the boon which virtuous valour pur-
 chased,

Now reap the harvest of their blood and toil.
 Ye hallowed ruins--ye retreats, enwrapt
 In saddened gloom, I still shall ever love thee,
 For ye are dear to freedom ; each patriot heart
 Shall ever kindle with the holy flame,
 Caught from this shrine, while pondering o'er the
 past

It yields its homage to the sacred soil,
 And breathes a prayer for valour now departed.



SHEPHERD OF THE ANDES' TWILIGHT SONG.

Beneath the brow of yonder steep,
 The tints of twilight fade :
 On Chimberoz' the shadows sleep,
 That in the valley played.

Lorn in the saffron belted west,
 The star of evening shines ;

The dew drop steeps the plantain's breast,
And gems the curling vines.

My flocks in quiet now repose,
Secure from nightly ill ;
And guardian of the wattled close,
My dog is faithful still.

How sweet the hour of peaceful thought,
How rich retirement's calm—
How free its pleasures, for unbought
Is bland contentment's calm.

In this sequestered, woodland scene
Fond love and peace reside,
While rural health, of cheerful mien,
With labour does abide.

Then give me still my mountain air,
My flock, and shepherd's nest ;
The loved companion—these to share,
And I am truly blest.



ODE,

For the 43d anniversary of American Independence.
When the birth of creation proclaimed to the
skies,
That the reign of confusion and chaos was o'er ;

Each harp woke the lay, and glad notes of sur-
 prize, [less shore.

Commingling, resounded through time's view-

The Eternal beheld from his dark-burning
 throne, [hest ;

He decreed, and the thunder confirmed the be-
 He spake !—and the smile of omnipotence shone,

“ ’Tis good !—All my labours are perfect and
 blest !”

When the bright beams advancing to Liberty's
 morn, [decree ;

Through the portals of victory proclaimed the
 The work is completed, a nation is born !

The tyrant is vanquished—Columbia is free—

Again the bright cherubim wakened the song,

The minstrels of heaven with joy swelled the
 lay ; [long,

The glad shout of triumph was heard loud and
 And the plaudit of glory bid welcome the DAY !

With hearts warmed with love and devotion
 inspired,

We hallow the era of FREEDOM and TIME ;*

* The Anniversary occurring on the Sabbath.

With the pure flame of union each bosom is
fired, [each clime!

While 'good-feeling' extends to the FREE of

To the chieftain* whose wreath-laurelled fame
blossoms fair,

Now sainted above—but remembered below ;

To those who on freedom's blest altar did swear,

To those whose rich life-blood in battle did
flow—

This day, with emotion, the pledge is renewed,

We recount each bright deed on the field and
the wave ;

We view the stern heroes in red conflict imbrued,

We give our applause—'tis a tear to the brave.

Long, long, as the banner of freedom unfurled,

Triumphantly waves on the ocean and shore ;

While Columbia shall flourish, the pride of the
world,

THIS DAY shall be lauded till time is no more !



“ LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE.”

When JIM, one day, with brother JOE,

A simple, thoughtless clown ;

* Washington.

With father's leave, set out to go,
And see the shows in town—

It chanced, while idly gaping round,
Each wonder to descry ;
An orange, fair, and seeming sound,
Caught Joe's attentive eye.

Joe gazed awhile, and quick had bought,
With haste and chuckling pride ;
But Jim, a youth of keener thought,
Said—" look at t'other side !"

Joe viewed again, without ado,
And questioned well his sight ;
For underneath, half hid from view,
The fruit was rotten quite :

And since that well remembered day,
Whatever does betide ;
Joe ne'er by wrong, is led astray,
But " looks at t'other side !"

When scandal takes its busy round,
With huge, and sweeping stride ;
Joe heeds it not :—with thought profound,
He " looks at t'other side !"

When fools, arrayed in fortune's smile,
Are puffed with haughty pride ;

Joe envies first—then thinks awhile,
And “looks at t’other side !”

When urged in DISSIPATION’s maze,
Corroding griefs, to hide ;
Joe views the bowl with loathing gaze,
And “looks at t’other side !”

When sad distress, and care is nigh,
And faithless friends deride ;
With humble hope, and tearful eye,
Joe “looks at t’other side !”

And when—life’s raging tempest past—
No more he stems the tide ;
With joy on YONDER SHORES, at last,
He’ll view “the other side !”



STANZAS

On viewing Trumbull’s painting of the Declaration of
Independence.

To free a groaning, bondaged, land,
Inspired by RIGHT, and valour’s flame ;
On FREEDOM’S SCROLL, the patriot band,
Enstamped COLUMBIA’S deathless fame !

Immerged from toil, and crimsoned war,
A NATION blooms on slavery’s grave !

Her starry banner floats afar,
 Her conquering NAVY ploughs the wave !
 While robed in peace :—bright valour's meed,
 Columbia walks with mighty stride :
 She ne'er forgets the godlike deed,
 That stemmed oppression's haughty tide !
 Though envious time's relentless hand,
 Hath nipped the bud of glory's plume,
 Though now repose the sainted band,
 Where laurels deck the warrior's tomb—
 The PENCIL speaks !——*again*, they breathe !
 Again, the veteran forms aspire—
 We view each PATRIOT bosom heave,
 We mark the glow of freedom's fire !
 Enwrapt in awe, we catch the flame,
 That kindled on oppression's spoil—
 And swear, no tyrant foot shall claim,
 A rest on FREEDOM'S NATAL SOIL !



THE DARK WAVE OF ERIE.

'Tis midnight—the dark wave of Erie flows lone,
 'Mid the gloom of the forest that shadows it
 round ;

The slow-winding surge lends its deep sullen
moan, [sound.

While the rock-beating billow remurmurs the

'Tis midnight—and see, 'mid the gleam of the
wave, [keep;

Where 'neath the cold ray their sad vigils they
In the mists of the foaming, the souls of the brave,
As all lonely they march o'er the cliff of the deep.

'Tis midnight! they tell when the thunder of war,
Proclaimed the approach of the dark battle
fray,*

When the shrill-blast and death-drum, roll deep-
ly and far, [prey!

While the angel of blood hovered high o'er his

Look afar—'tis hope's symbol, the flag of the
free! [wounded mast;

Through the red cloud it gleams on the war-
Proud stripes! soon to wave o'er the broad-crest-
ed sea, [past.

Bright pledge of the future—the pride of the

The tall barks in conflict ensulphured, have
'neared, [the foe;

Death gleams on the blade as they charge on

* The memorable 10th September, 1813.

Hark—'tis the glad shout of valour and victory
heard,

Columbia ! thy foemen in battle are low !

* * * *

'Neath the dark waves of Erie now slumber the
brave,

In the deep bed of waters forever they rest ;
The proud wreaths of freedom have bannered
their grave,

The souls of the heroes in memory are blest !



THE CAROLINIAN.

Beside the stream, the grief-worn pilgrim stood,
Dark care had marked the stranger for its
own ; [flood,
His saddened glance surveyed the murmuring
And now forgot, the wanderer wept alone.

The scenes of childhood met his wistful gaze,
And oft the sigh did heave, the tear did flow ;
His harp which slumbered long, rewoke its lays,
And thus the wild-note breathed the minstrel's
wo.

Where dark-waved Santee winds its devious way,
In rural grandeur 'mid the verdant lawn ;

Where heath-bells bloom and ivied tendrils
stray,

And flowerets glisten with the tears of morn.

'Twas there, while pleasure lent its charms to
youth,

And all was halcyon bliss, I saw—and loved—
The Carolinian heard my vows of truth,
The Carolinian's throbbing heart approved.

'Twas there, when evening's mildly chastened
beam,

Like early love looked gently out and smiled,
We wandered thoughtful, while the saddening
gleam

Hallowed with deeper shade the rustic wild.

Oh, is there not a time when fancy leaves

Her wonted course and wildly soars away ;
When thought is rife and cruel memory breathes
In misery's ear the joys of childhood's day ?

* • * * * *

'Tis past !—but when the warm and faithful vow,
Breathed from the heart and faltering on the
ear ;

Half trembling told what well the maiden knew,
Oh was it crime that then I knew not fear ?

Was there no presage to the bitter wo,
 That soon shall 'rive? did not compassion
 spare ;

Was there no source for pity's stream to flow,
 No guardian angel whispering kind,—“be-
 ware !”

She sleeps—and cold has gleamed this withered
 heart,

Since first it heard the note of horror tell ;
 Its idol faithless—Oh, that fearful start
 Was quickly o'er—'twas joy's departed knell :

She sleeps in clay—and 'mid the fitful gleam
 Of eve, 'tis said, the Carolinian steals
 Along the surge of Santee's troubled stream,
 And by the glimmer of the red-bolt kneels.
 With arms uplift, she deprecates the day
 That saw her crime ; she weeps, and quick is
 hurled away !



MELODY.

When tender love in beauty rayed,
 On youthful pinions flew ;
 When first I saw the village maid,
 Oh, did I not believe her true ?

When virgin charms with every grace,
 Enchained my raptured view ;
 Could time or distance e'er efface
 The thought that she was ever true ?

When cruel doubts disturbed my rest,
 With fear's tormenting hue,
 Did not the sigh which rived my breast,
 Proclaim I yet believed her true ?

When plighted vows did fear dispel,
 With thrilling transport new,
 Each throb of rising joy could tell,
 In accents sweet, the maid was true.

While yielding to the kindling bliss,
 I sipped the nectared dew ;
 Did not my soul confide ?—Oh yes,
 It whispered soft—that she was true !

When fortune tore me far away,
 From fond affection's view,
 Did not the parting tear, display
 The village maiden still was true !



TO THE MUSE.

Wake, gentle muse, thy simple lay,
 The note which oft hath vanquished wo ;

Let roving fancy wildly stray,
 Nor heed the cares that rive below.

Oh soar above and swell the song,
 While pleasure lends the willing ear ;
 Let sympathy the thrill prolong,
 While tender pity drops the tear.

Yet Oh, my muse, why shouldst thou soar,
 In fancied bliss delighted rove ;
 Why tell of joys, which now no more
 Can claim thy smile or share thy love !

For oft thou wakest the raptured lay,
 And singest of bliss—to thee unknown
 While sad and lorn thou fain wouldst stray
 O'er brooding ills to weep alone.

Yet something tells 'twill soon be o'er,
 Hope whispers there is rest for thee
 Where stormy woes will beat no more,
 Where all is calm, from riving sorrow free.

SACRED PIECES.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom,
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven !



LINES

Inscribed on the leaf of a Bible.

Thou sacred Book !—whose heaven inspired
 page,
 A guide to youth—a firm support to age—
 Illumes our path with bright celestial ray—
 And leads immortals to the realms of day—
 Though sons of folly from thy precepts turn,
 Alike the warning, and the promise spurn.
 In that tremendous—that ecstatic day,
 When worlds shall flee, and skies dissolve away,
 While wrath divine o'ertakes the daring foe,
 And hurls him down to deep and endless wo,

Thou wilt survive, when all his hopes are o'er,
 For ever live, when time shall be no more ;
 Firm as the throne, HIS word is ever sure,
 'Tis everlasting, and it must endure.

Then while enwrapt in meditation here—
 Inspire me, Lord, with reverential fear,
 When Sinai's thunders roll with solemn awe,
 Incline my heart to love, and keep thy law,
 While the pure gospel tells in sweetest strain,
 How Jesus died to save my soul from pain—
 Oh, may it melt that contrite, humbled soul,
 While tears of joy in sacred torrents roll ;
 When called to leave this sorrowing vale of tears,
 Thy holy word will calm all rising fears ;
 'Twill cheer the passage through the valley's
 gloom,
 And shed a halo o'er the narrow tomb.



EVENING HYMN.

Oh THOU that reignest with power on high,
 From whom alone, our blessings flow ;
 Whose kind protecting care is nigh,
 To saints above, and men below.

To thee, our grateful, evening song,
 We now with mingled voices raise ;

To thee, alone, doth well belong,
The tuneful notes of sacred praise !

We bless thee, that thy watchful care,
Hath kept our steps another day ;
'That we thy numerous mercies share—
That we the social tribute pay.

Each fault, thy spotless eye hath seen,
Wilt thou for JESU's sake forgive ;
In his atonement wash us clean,
And let the contrite sinner live.

While night enwraps her mantle round,
And sleep our wearied eye-lids close ;
Still may thy guardian hand be found,
And each awake from sweet repose.

Thus, through life's dark, eventful way,
May we with faith, rely on thee ;
'Till we arrive at PERFECT DAY,
Whose dawn precedes eternity !



THE IMMORTAL MIND.

When pleasure smiles with aspect gay,
And bright alluring mien ;
When joy emits its cloudless ray,
While darkening storms seem far away,
And all is bliss serene—

When friendship cheers with sacred charm,
 And sympathy sincere ;
 When circled in affection's arm,
 Whose glance, can bitter griefs disarm,
 And smile, dispel the tear—

When all that glittering wealth can boast,
 Or laurelled fame bestow ;
 Unites with science's richer zest,
 To crown the favoured votary blest,
 With happiness below—

Oh, say—from whence the secret care,
 That rives without control ;
 That spurns each bliss as empty air,
 While racked, it feels with keen despair,
 Vacuity of soul !

Learn mortal !—the expanding mind,
 That essence from above ;
 DREAD EMANATION ! is designed,
 To feast on deathless joys refined,
 And drink Eternal love !

AFRICA.

“Ethiopia, shall stretch out her hands unto thee.”

While on the distant Hindoo shore,

MESSIAH’S cross is reared ;

While Pagan votaries bow no more,

With idol blood besmeared—

While Palestine, again doth hear,

The gospel’s joyful sound ;

While Islam crescents disappear,

From Calvary’s holy ground—

Say, shall not AFRIC’S fated land,

With news of grace be blest—

Say, shall not Ethiopia’s band,

Enjoy the promised rest !

Ye heralds of a SAVIOUR’S love,

To AFRIC’S regions fly ;

Oh, haste, and let compassion move,

For millions doomed to die !

Blest JESUS—who for these, hast bled,

Wilt thou the captives free ;

And ETHIOPIA, too, shall spread

Her ransomed hands to thee !

THE TOMB OF JESUS.

The Mussulmen in Palestine have taken possession of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem ; and the Abbe Forbin Janson has proceeded to Constantinople to reclaim from the Grand Seignior the keeping of the Tomb of Jesus. It produces an annual income of \$260,000 !

On Shinah's plain, where David's gem appeared,
The star that walked yon bright serene alone,
Whose mystic ray the Bethlehem shepherds
cheered

While angel-bands in blest effulgence shone,
With radiance flaming from the ethereal throne ;
On Shinah's plain, where Siloa's fountains rise,
Whose murmuring stream glides mournful now,
and lone,

The holy pilgrim from afar descries
The Tomb of Jesus,—Lord Supreme of earth
and skies.

'Twas there the Ancient of eternal Day,
The blest Immanuel, slumbered in the grave !
He whose right arm en clothed with awful
sway, [gave
To countless worlds their form and being
When chaos reigned, and shoreless was the
wave !

'Tis hallowed ground—proclaim it not!—for
 there
 Is crime!—Calvary, polluted by the Islam slave,
 A scathing curse for him will wrath prepare,
 And bolts in heaven for those who the dark traf-
 fick share !

Oh soon may Shiloh bless the fated land,
 The unhallowed crescent there be seen no
 more ;
 The lawless wanderer, with Arabia's band,
 Forsake their prophet, and the cross adore ;
 While songs of joy resound on Jordan's shore,
 Soon may the banner of our Jesus wave
 On glittering heights where lofty minarets soar ;
 Nations confess that He who died to save,
 The blest Messiah, lives and reigns for ever-
 more !



WEEP NOT.

Weep not, when sad distress is nigh,
 When bliss and transient pleasures fly ;
 When earthly blessings droop and fade,
 When all is wrapt in sorrow's shade.

Weep not, when death with cruel dart,
Pierces some idol of the heart ;
When hallowed friendship decks the bier,
When tender love would claim the tear.

Weep not—for as the morning cloud,
Does nature's radiant smiles enshroud ;
But scatters soon ;—these gloomy woes,
Shall flee, and all be calm repose.

Weep not—for as the floweret fair,
Is crushed with winter's blighting air ;
Pressed rudely down, it droops its head,
And all its varied hues are fled—

With opening spring, its bloom revives ;
Again, the beauteous floweret lives ;
Thus, when life's wintry storms are o'er,
The friend revives, to die no more.



THANKSGIVING HYMN.

I.

When near, Oh, LORD thy radiant throne,
The shining elders, trembling, bow,
And render praise to THEE alone—
The source from whence all blessings flow—

II.

Will the Eternal deign to hear,
 When mortals join that blissful train ;
 While filled with love, and holy fear,
 They swell the blest angelic strain—

III.

For though with power enthroned on high,
 Thy love and goodness ne'er hath bounds ;
 To humble souls, thy grace is nigh,
 And earth with heaven, thy praise resounds.

IV.

We thank thee, that protecting care,
 With shielding mercy still is near ;
 That we thy choicest blessings share,
 And smiling plenty crowns the year—

V.

We praise thee, that on freedom's shore,
 Fair science blooms with blest increase ;
 That war's shrill clarion wakes no more,
 And glittering falchions sleep in peace—

VI.

We bless thee, that REDEEMING LOVE,
 By Calvary, points the living way ;
 That JESUS intercedes above,
 And guides to an Eternal Day !

VII.

Still, may our grateful offerings rise,
 And kindred voices swell the lays ;
 'Till joined with choirs above the skies,
 WE SPEND ETERNITY IN PRAISE !



PLEASURE.

Is it in wealth ? Go probe the breast
 Of fortune's sumptuous heir :
 Ah ! why does secret wo infest,
 And anguish canker there ?

Is it in fame ? Her empty breath,
 Inconstant as the breeze,
 Will blast, anon, the laurel wreath,
 That late it formed to please.

Is it in friendship, or in love ?
 Alas, they quick decay :
 The tears of hapless sorrow prove
 How frail this boasted stay.

'Tis not in all that here excels,
 'Tis not in folly's round ;
 But with Immanuel's Love it dwells,
 And there alone is found !

HYMN,

Written for the Annual Thanksgiving of the New England Society of Philadelphia.

OH THOU that reignest with awful sway,
 Dread UNCREATE—Eternal King!
 To thee, let all their homage pay,
 To thee—all hearts their offerings bring.

Wilt thou, GREAT SOVEREIGN, from thy throne
 Of viewless glory, deign to hear ;
 While rendering praise to thee alone,
 We bow with awe and holy fear—

To thee, this day, in strains of love,
 Our hymns of grateful joy would rise,
 Would mingle with the harps above,
 And swell the chorus of the skies.

We praise thee, that the fruitful field,
 With smiling plenty yields increase ;
 That thou art still Columbia's shield :
 That freedom's shores repose in peace—

We bless thee that a Saviour's love,
 Hath spread REDEMPTION's joyful sound,
 That streams of LIGHT from heaven above,
 Illumine earth's remotest bound !

Dread UNCREATE!--The life of DEITY was there!
 Its awful signet shall remain untold ;
 No strains in heaven may tell--no curse in hell
 shall dare
 The dreadful years of dark ETERNITY declare !



STANZAS,

On hearing the Reports of the several Presbyteries, on
 the state of Religion within their respective bounds,
 read in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian
 Church in the United States.

Sweet is the drop that gems the rose,
 When Flora breathes perfume,
 That bids the germ each charm disclose,
 That bids the floweret bloom--

Rich is the breath of early morn,
 Surcharged with Hebe's balm ;
 When sighing o'er the verdant lawn,
 It sheds its fragrant charm--

But sweeter, when on Zion's hill,
 The drops of love descend ;
 When saints refreshed, revive, and still,
 New grace with vigour blend.

And richer, LORD, the blest perfume,
 These western wilds disclose,

When budding fair with Sharon's bloom,
They blossom as the rose.

We bless thee that thy love is found,
Where savage war was hurled ;
That Indian groves, and dells resound,
Redemption to a world !

We've heard with joy, thy children tell,
In sweet reviving strains,
That streams of light the shades dispel,
That God, in Zion reigns.

Blest are these heralds of thy love,
That JESU'S worth proclaim ;
Blest are the kindred ties that prove,
Their union through His name.

Smile, LORD, on each with love divine,
Their labours bless, and own,
That they at last, through grace, may shine
Like gems around thy throne !



'THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.'

There is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares distressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest—

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
 And doubts which here annoy ;
 Then they that oft have sown in tears,
 Shall reap again with joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
 Where storms assail no more,
 The stream of endless pleasure flows,
 On that celestial shore—
 There smiling peace with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy ;
 There they, that once have sown in tears,
 Now reap eternal joy.

When the revealing hour is near,
 Which shall unveil the tomb ;
 When filled with doubt and trembling fear,
 We pass the valley's gloom—
 Wilt thou, blessed Jesus, calm these fears,
 Let praise our lips employ,
 That we, who here have sown in tears,
 May reap in heaven with joy !



'TO WHOM SHALL WE GO—BUT TO THEE ?'
 When rankling sorrows wound the soul,
 And cares invade the breast ;
 When distant, seems the blissful goal,
 Of peace, and lasting rest.

Where shall the mourning wanderer go,
 Where shall the sufferer fly;
 What balm can heal corroding wo,
 Whose hand those tears can dry?

Say—shall he seek in sounding fame,
 A cure for bitter care;
 Can echoing praise, or honour's name,
 Beguile the soul's despair?

Will grandeur, with its dazzling lure,
 Bestow a kind relief;
 Can pageant pomp, and pride, ensure
 A balm for mental grief?

Does pleasure, with bewitching guile,
 Invite him to her arms—
 Too soon, he finds, the glance, and smile,
 Are curst, deceitful, charms.

Where shall the mourning wanderer go,
 Oh, where, the sufferer fly—
 What balm can heal corroding wo—
 Whose hand, those tears can dry?

Blessed SAVIOUR—'tis to THEE alone,
 He flies, with anguish prest;
 For thou canst sooth the captive's moan,
 And give the weary rest!

THE JEWISH RETURN.

I.

Lo, Judah's courts in sadness mourn,
 For Judah's rites are stained ;
 Her shrines with idol incense burn,
 Her altars are profaned—
 The temple's pride is cast abroad,
 The priests and virgins fled,
 And gone, the glory of the LORD,
 Which through the HOLIEST shed !

II.

The thistle blooms where Zion's wall,
 Defied the Assyrian band ;
 The ruined fragments tottering, fall,
 The scorn of Edom's land—
 Yet, saith the LORD, my mighty arm
 Shall raise her ruins high,*
 My vengeance shall the foes disarm,
 That Israel's God deny.

III.

From distant lands and nations, where
 The tribes in bondage roam,
 They shall return, forget despair,
 And shout the ransomed home—

* 'The Lord shall gather Jerusalem—he shall build the waste places of Zion.'

In Zion, on my solemn day,
 With songs shall they adore ;
 And tears, and sighs shall flee away,
 And sorrow be no more.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

When 'mid the haunts of shame and sin,
 We view the child of wo ;
 What is that sympathy within,
 Which bids compassion flow ?

'Tis gentle pity's melting voice,
 In accents whispering mild ;
 That prompts the feeling mind to haste,
 And save the hapless child .

Affection strives with earnest love,
 Its footsteps to reclaim ;
 And bring the wanderer home, to prove
 The worth of Jesu's name !

Thus, when amid some desert scene,
 Where nought the traveller cheers ;
 Half hid by plants of savage mien,
 The lonely flower appears—

Its sweets his raptured sense beguile,
 With charms of native zest ;
 He gently stoops, and with a smile,
 Conveys it to his breast.

As tender plants of varied hue,
 In Flora's dress arrayed ;
 Require the warmth, and early dew,
 With rich, and kindly aid—

Thus, Lord, these plants which thou hast sown,
 Require thy grace divine ;
 The glorious work is all thy own,
 The increase shall be thine.



THE MORNING STAR.

I am the Root and the offspring of David, and the
 Bright and Morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

Benighted on the troublous main,
 While stormy terrors clothe the sky ;
 The trembling voyager strives in vain,
 And nought but dark despair is nigh—
 When lo, a gem of peerless light,
 With radiant splendour shines afar ;
 And through the clouds of darkest night,
 Appears the Bright and Morning Star.

Adapted by George Thompson.

With joy he greets the cheering ray,
 That beams on ocean's weary breast ;
 Precursor of a smiling day,
 It lulls his fears to peaceful rest—
 No more in peril doth he roam,
 For night and danger, now are far ;
 With steady helm he enters home,
 His guide the Bright and Morning Star.

Thus when affliction's billows roll,
 And waves of sorrow, and of sin,
 Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
 And all is dark and drear within—
 'Tis JESUS, whispering strains of peace,
 Drives every doubt and fear afar ;
 He bids the raging tempest cease,
 And shines the Bright and Morning Star.



STANZAS

To an Infant whose Mother deceased a few hours after
 its birth.

I.

Tender infant, sorrow greets thee,
 Sad affliction waits thee here ;
 No glad mother's smile can meet thee,
 No fond mother check the tear.

II.

Here maternal love, can never
 Watch thy steps with anxious care—
 Ne'er with sweet emotions ever,
 In thy artless raptures share.

III.

Cold she sleeps, nor heeds thy plaining,
 Heeds not sorrows which we see ;
 Dull the ear that heard thee moaning,
 Closed those eyes that wept on thee.

IV.

Scarce thy tender form caressing—
 'Tis a voice that calls away—
 Calls her from the new-born blessing,
 To the realms of endless day.

V.

But, though thus by her forsaken,
 God thy parent still will be ;
 With support and love unshaken,
 He will prove a friend to thee.

VI.

And though now the happy spirit,
 Through affliction's stormy flood,
 Fled—pure glories to inherit,
 Fled away to meet its God—

VII.

Yet, what consolation given,
 Let us for the hope adore ;
 On the blissful shores of heaven,
 We shall meet, to part no more.

VIII.

There in sweet communion ever,
 Shall we taste celestial joy ;
 Joined again no more to sever,
 Love and praise our blest employ.



THY WILL BE DONE. Luke xi. 2.

When sorrow casts its shade around,
 And pleasure seems our course to shun ;
 When nought but grief and care is found,
 How sweet to say ‘ Thy will be done.’

When sickness lends its pallid hue,
 And every dream of bliss has flown ;
 When quickly from the fading view,
 Recede the joys that once were known—

The soul resigned will still rejoice,
 Though life’s last sand is nearly run ;
 With humble faith and trembling voice,
 It whispers soft, ‘ Thy will be done.’

When called to mourn the early doom,
 Of one affection held most dear ;
 While o'er the closing silent tomb,
 The bleeding heart distils the tear—

Though love its tribute sad will pay,
 And earthly streams, of solace shun,
 Still, still the humbled soul will say,
 In lowly dust, 'Thy will be done.'

Whate'er, Oh Lord, thou hast designed,
 To bring my soul to thee its trust ;
 If mercies or afflictions kind,
 For all thy dealings, Lord, are just—

Take all—but grant in goodness free,
 That love which ne'er thy stroke would shun,
 Support this heart, and strengthen me,
 To say in faith, 'Thy will be done !'



ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME ! Isa. lx. 1.

Hark 'tis the prophet of the skies,
 Proclaims redemption near ;
 The night of death, and bondage, flies,
 The dawning tints appear !

Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
 Awakes, to glorious day ;

Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds* cross the main ;
On Calvary's awful brow they tell,
That JESUS lives again.

From Salem's towers the Islam sign,
With holy zeal is hurled,
'Tis there IMMANUEL's symbols shine,
His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear ;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

Again, in Bethlehem swells the song,
The choral breaks again ;
While Jordan's shore the strains prolong,
' GOOD-WILL—AND PEACE TO MEN !'



WHY WEEPEST THOU ?

Does gloomy fate, with sullen frown
Consume thy soul with care ?

* Missionaries to Palestine.

Hast thou the draught of misery known
 Whose dregs are dark despair,
 Art thou oppressed with sorrow's doom,
 Thy heart with anguish torn—
 Oh, soon that sad and cheerless gloom
 Shall wake a brighter morn !
 'Then why should sorrow wring thy brow—
 Say, mourner, say—' why weepest thou !'
 Does tender love bedeck the bier,
 Is dust with dust inurned ?
 Has one affection prized so dear
 To heaven, and GOD, returned ?
 The beauteous flower, that charms the eye,
 And decks the smiling plain—
 With winter's blast, doth fade, and die,
 But dies to bloom again !
 'Then why should sorrow wring thy brow—
 Say mourner, say—' why weepest thou ?'



THE SOUTH AMERICAN'S HYMN.

Hark, hark, I hear the hallow sound,
 Borne soft on Zephyr's swell ;
 Symphonious accents murmuring round,
 From yonder vesper bell.

At Panma's shrine with Ave-Marie,
 Their beads the sisters tell ;
 They bless the sacred rosary,
 At evening's vesper bell.

The choral wakes the virgin song,
 In strains which wo dispel ;
 It mingles with devotion's throng,
 Called by the vesper bell.

How sweet the thrilling chant of praise,
 How rich the vocal swell ;
 How blessed the solemn vow to raise,
 At hallowed vesper bell !

And while we bend with kindling love,
 Does not some whisper tell,
 That 'mid the vaulted arch above,
 Is heard the vesper bell ?

Yes, well we know, before that shrine,
 Whose flame doth night dispel,
 The Cherub bows with joy divine,
 At holy vesper bell.

OH THOU THAT SIT'ST ENTHRONED ON HIGH

I.

Oh thou that sit'st enthroned on high,
 In viewless splendour rayed ;
 Before the lustre of whose eye
 The brightest glories fade.

II.

Though thou art high, yet thou dost hear
 The lowly suppliant's moan ;
 Though thou art great, each secret tear
 Begems thy radiant throne.

III.

When shafts of anguish wound the soul,
 Thy healing balm is nigh ;
 When tempests rise and billows roll,
 To thee, alone, we fly.

IV.

Then hush, dark sorrow's weeping child,
 Tost on this troublous sea,
 In strains of peace he whispers mild,
 ' Fear not, for I'm with thee.'



WHEN THE LAST STERN AND TROPHIED FOE.

When the last stern and trophied foe,
 The hoary monarch of the tomb ;

The spirit frees from toils below,
And bears it through the valley's gloom—

Say, Oh my soul, from whence the smile,
The heavenly smile that lights the clay;
That sweetly all our woes beguile,
And checks the tear that grief would pay?

'Tis when like evening's murmuring breeze,
That low and mournful steals along,
And gently sighing through the leaves,
Blends with the hallowed vesper song—

Celestial sounds glide on the ear,
'To hail the ransomed soul are given;
And ere the golden harps appear—
'Tis raptured with the strains of heaven,



WHEN YON BRIGHT ORB.

I.

When yon bright orb beneath the west,
Descends in shades of even;
When all is hushed in peaceful rest,
The soul aspires to regions blest,
It finds repose in heaven.

II.

'Tis then all fleeting joys below,
 Awhile to mortals given ;
 Seem but the pageant of a show,
 The veil that hides a latent wo—
 And false, compared with heaven.

III.

'Tis then all cares, and sorrows here,
 By which frail man is driven,
 As evening shadows disappear,
 And all within is calm and clear,
 Illumed with rays from heaven.

IV.

Freed from this earth, my soul would share,
 The joys to angels given ;
 In bright celestial mansions, where
 Blest virtue beams divinely fair,
 The glorious dawn of heaven.



THE EAGLE ON ITS MOUNTAIN HEIGHT.

The eagle on its mountain height,
 Beneath the eastern sky ;
 Securely views the source of light
 With bold and fearless eye.

If lost in glory's azure blaze,
 It bends a downward view ;
 This floating disk a speck displays,
 Minute and cheerless too.

Thus on the mount of faith and prayer,
 JEHOVAH's love is seen ;
 Sure, vision strengthened gazes there,
 Without a veil between.

Then dim is every joy, compared
 With bliss that never cloy ;
 And light the sorrows each has shared,
 When matched with heavenly joys.



THE HARP OF JUDAH.

I.

The harp of Judah wakes again,
 The chords no more unstrung,
 Again shall sweep the mournful strain,
 That oft through Salem rung.

II.

How doth the city sit alone.
 How is her might bewailed,
 Where once the dread SHECHINAH shone,
 Where Deity unveiled.

III.

At midnight, lo, she weepeth sore,
 For silence shrouds her hall ;
 Her pride and glory are no more,
 And none lament her fall.

IV.

The desert ways of Zion mourn,
 Her captive virgins sigh ;
 Her gates are desolate, and lone,
 Her enemies are nigh.

V.

Where once the covenant did repose,
 The rites of sin, are found ;
 Where once the strains of Judah rose,
 The notes of death resound.

VI.

Ye wondering nations from afar,
 Behold, and see her wo ;
 For sunk is Judah's natal star,
 And Zion's sons are low.



WHEN THE ROSE.

When the rose in Sharon blooming,*
 Sheds sweet fragrance on the air,

* Sol. Song, ii. 1.

Each loved tint with pride assuming,
Does its varied charms declare.

When the lily 'neath the mountain,
Weeps in Hermon's glittering dew,
Pure as Kedron's crystal fountain,
Shines its robe of spangled hue.

Fair are Sharon's blooming roses,
Rich, the lily of the vale ;
'Mid each blush delight reposes,
Nectared sweets embalm the gale.

But when JESUS, LORD of heaven,
He whom Saints with love adore,
Kindly says to man, forgiven,
'Go, thou contrite—sin no more—³⁴*

Radiant beauty he discloses,
While he saves from sorrow's doom ;
Sweeter than the blushing roses,
Fairer than the lily's bloom.



SHALT THOU, OH LORD.

Shalt thou, Oh Lord, who wast enthroned on high,
Ere seraphs bowed, or unknown worlds were
formed—

* John viii. 11.

Shalt thou regard the humble mourner's sigh ;
 Will the Eternal, moved with pitying love,
 Bind up the broken, and with tender hand,
 Wipe every tear from sorrow's weeping eye ?

For thou dost walk upon the whirlwind's brow ;
 En clothed with thunders, Deity comes down ;
 Dark clouds pavilion the Almighty's form,
 While with the awful grandeur of a God,
 On flying pinions of the wind he rides,
 In dreadful state, and majesty sublime !

Be still, my soul ; be calm, ye rising fears ;—
 The storm is hushed, the tempest passes by—
 Through the dark clouds a radiant form appears ;
 'Tis JESUS bends, to hear the humble pray.
 To contrite spirits he is ever nigh,
 And he shall wipe all sorrowing tears away.



WHAT DOEST THOU HERE ? 1 Kings xix. 9.

Oh whence should care disturb thy breast,
 And anxious hopes invade ;
 These cares can never yield thee rest,
 These brilliant hopes shall fade—
 Say, can this dross thy thoughts endear,
 Say, say my soul, ' What doest thou here ?'

Why should'st thou prize these fleeting joys,
And build thy heaven on earth ?

Ah soon each false enjoyment cloy's,

And vain is empty mirth—

Tell, can they bring true pleasure near,

Tell me, my soul, ' What doest thou here ?'

Why should'st thou mourn thy lot unkind,

When sorrow's boisterous flood,

Has closed around thy 'nighted mind,

But brought thee near to God !

Is HE, not All ? is heaven not dear—

Say, weeping soul, ' What doest thou here ?'



OH THOU THAT PLEAD'ST WITH PITYING LOVE.

Oh thou that plead'st with pitying love,

How large that love, and free ;

When sad and wounded here, we prove,

A rest alone in thee.

Poor wanderers, tired and 'rest of all,

To sin and bondage sold ;

We strive, till freed from satan's thrall,

We're brought to Jesu's fold.

With fervour at the sinner's heart,

Thou plead'st to enter in ;

And there the kindly balm impart,
That heals the wounds of sin—

‘Open my sister to thy spouse,
My love is ever true ;
My locks with nightly dropping flows,
My head is filled with dew.’

Who shall not, Lord, with love adore,
When thus JEHOVAH pleads ;
What bosom close the stubborn door,
When Jesus intercedes !

Enter this heart, my Saviour, God,
Subdue this flinty breast ;
Shed thy renewing grace abroad,
And be my constant guest.



THERE IS A HARP.

There is a harp, whose thrilling sound
Swells through the choir of heaven above,
Mid the blue arch the notes resound,
And seraphs catch the strains of love.

’Tis when some spirit from these spheres,
On angel pinions wings its way ;

Before the eternal throne appears,
Enrolled in bright ethereal day.

Hark, the glad shout of sacred joy,
In choral numbers loud and long ;
The angelic hosts their harps employ,
The cherubs wake their noblest song

The joyful news in heaven is known,
The seraphim their voices raise ;
While the redeemed around the throne,
Swell the blest symphony of praise !



MISSION TO JERUSALEM.

A Mission is about to be sent from America to Jerusalem. After ages of darkness, the light of the gospel is soon to re-illumine the shores of Palestine.

Long hath the Crescent's glittering sign,
On Salem's temple shone,
Long hath Jehovah's awful shrine,
Stood desolate and lone.

The tents of Midian tribes unblest,
On Shinah's plains have spread ;
The wanderer's foot hath rudely prest,
The soil where Jesus bled.

But Shiloh comes !—to bless the land,
 And Israel's tribes restore ;
 Lo, Edom, with Assyria's band,
 On Calvary shall adore.

Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice,
 And lands where Jordan flows,
 With Sharon's desert, shall rejoice,
 And blossom as the rose.

No more shall Zion's daughter mourn,
 Nor captive Judah sigh ;
 JEHOVAH shall her walls adorn,
 And bring his ransomed nigh.*



OH WHAT IS LIFE.

Oh what is life but some dark dream,
 From which we wake—to sigh :
 Some false deceitful meteor gleam—
 That sheds a wandering, cheerless beam—
 And brightens—but to die.

Oh what are fleeting joys below,
 But cares, bedecked with smiles ;

* Isaiah xxxv. 10.—And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs ; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

The pageant of an empty show,
 That fain would hide the latent wo,
 From him it oft beguiles.

And what the secret, pensive tear,
 But kindly dewes of even ;
 Each drop pellucid, glistening clear—
 To sympathy—to virtue dear,
 Is quick exhaled to heaven.



VISION OF THE FOUR SEALS.

The eternal throne of viewless glory stood
 In majesty and power. Around the flaming base
 Thronged the bright armies of the living skies.
 The seraphim was there—the elders bowed—
 In glittering ranks the blest redeemed were seen,
 And thousand voices swelled the note of praise ;
 While harps unnumbered, mingling, raised the
 song
 To Him, the Lamb of Juda's favoured tribe,
 The Root of David and the Morning Star,
 Who lived, was slain—and lives for evermore.
 As the clear jasper ray his glory burned,
 While gems like sardine beamed with light
 around,
 And the blest rainbow did surround the throne.

I saw the Book in his right hand displayed,
 Enscrolled with terror and enchained with seals;
 From the dark throne the muttering thunders
 rolled,

The lightnings gleamed and fearful voices spake,
 Borne on the whirlwind then, the mighty angel
 With the shrill clarion of the echoing skies,
 Proclaiming far, the dread Eternal will—
 Bade heaven, earth, hell and sea, combine their
 powers

To unloose the seals, and dark Eternity disclose.
 I wept—for none could dare the attempt.

When lo, the elder whispering accents sweet,
 In haste replied—‘ Oh thou beloved, weep not,
 The Lamb of Juda, He whose vestment dyed
 In crimsoned hue, proclaims that he was slain,
 With wonderous might and godlike wisdom
 joined,

Hath well prevailed to unloose the dreadful page,
 And tell the signet of the Eternal will.’

I saw the Lamb unfold the fatal scroll;
 The elders trembling bowed, the ethereal harps
 were heard,

The thrilling numbers quivering through the
 skies

Joined the loud song and filled the courts of
heaven.

Dark thunders rolled, when lo, a warlike steed
Of ermine hue, on whom arrayed, sat one
With the full quiver and a starry crown.
In dreadful might he rode triumphant forth,
From conquering on to conquer, and to reign
With wide dominion, o'er earth, sea and hell.
Through the dark gleaming of the bolted fire,
The second seal was seen. In point caparisoned
Forth rode in haste, the fearless warrior horse,
Of crimson dye—fit emblem of his course ;
With power to smite, and desolate the earth ;
A sword his sign, the panoply of heaven.
The voices uttered, and another seal
Of portent symbol opened—I saw
The deep black steeding proudly issuing forth,
On mystic errand. Firm in his grasp
Who sat thereon, was seen the equal sign
Of justice, due on earth to man apportioned,
With clemency his mission. The trumpet sound-
ed—

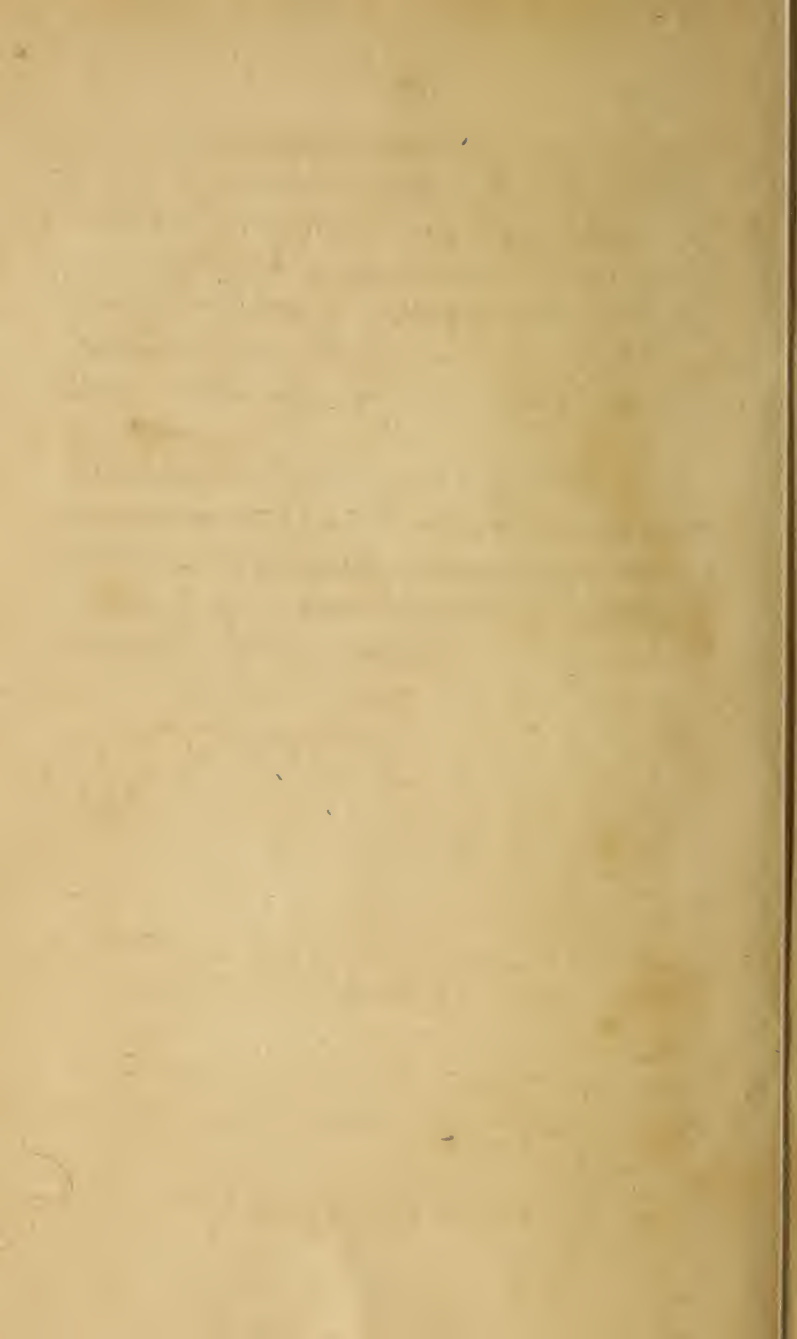
The deep foundations of the throne did quiver,
And terror shook heaven's vast and wide do-
main ;

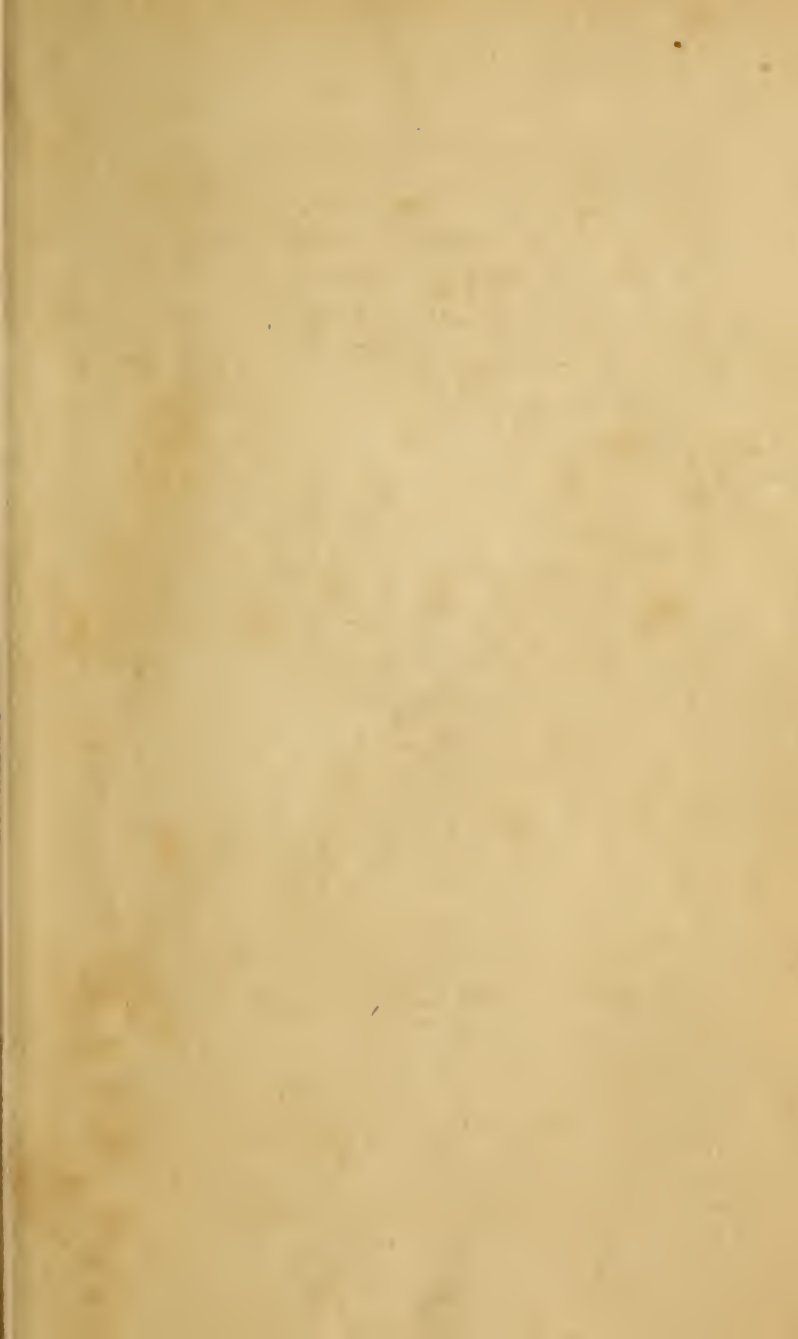
For lo, in dreadful vision the pale horse issued—

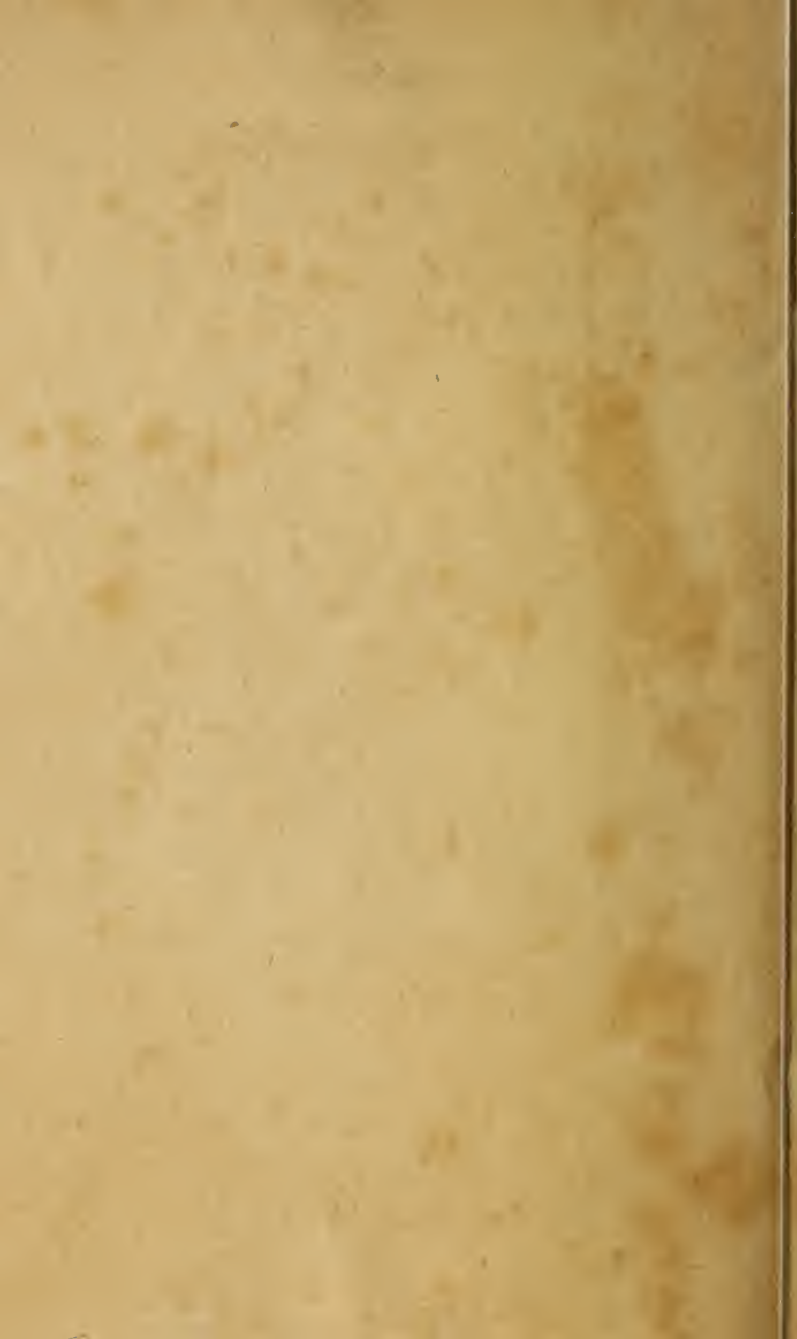
His name that sat thereon was Death—
 On the thick cloud of mighty wrath He rode,
 With hell appearing in his ghastly train.
 And might to them, and bounded rule was given,
 To slay with sword, with peril and with death,
 The fourth part of mankind.
 Dreadful their rage, and they shall reign with
 power,
 'Till He whose glorious birth-right 'tis to rule,
 Shall crush their ire, and with the burning chain
 Of wrath, confine them in the depths of wo—
 When the last long and mighty blast proclaims
 That TIME shall be no more !

FINIS.









12-27
04-27-21

